



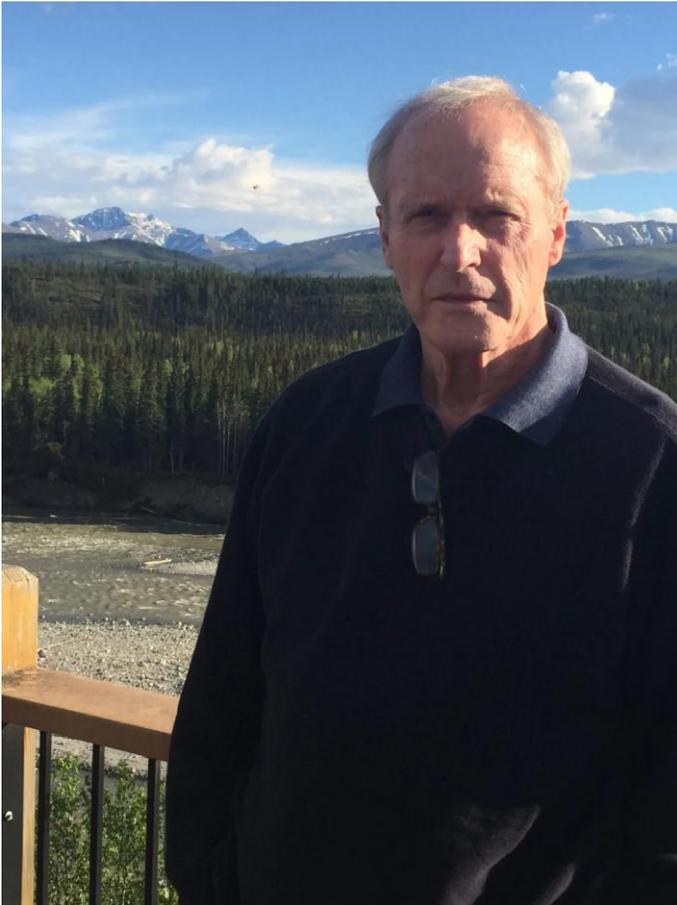
A VERMONT WRITER

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

This column, an offering of the Danforth Library in Barnard, introduces a Vermont writer who deserves wider renown. For 38 years, beginning in 1971, David Huddle taught Creative Writing at the University of Vermont. During that time, he was a prolific writer of poetry, short fiction, and novels. He also widely published essays, most of them about writing.

David Huddle

(1942 – 2025)



David Huddle spent most of his adult life in Vermont but never lost the gentle accent of his native Virginia. He was born and brought up in Ivanhoe, where his father worked in management at a carbide plant and his mother kept house. His parents encouraged his interest in music—he played tenor saxophone in the school band—but generally there was not much time or money for the finer things. His father and grandmother were musical. His intelligent, sensitive mother coached his efforts to better himself. His eventual success as a writer wasn't "in the cards" in any obvious way early on. Both parents, however, applauded his decision to attend college when he got the chance.

Huddle went to the University of Virginia on a scholarship. There he encountered in full force the *other* life—the life of privilege so vast and consistent you could forget about work, and also free yourself from the more prosaic, home-town, Sunday school virtues. In this atmosphere Huddle's talent as an acute observer, essential to any artist, took hold. Anyone can spot that watchfulness in a short story he wrote in middle-age based on his college years. Here is a lengthy excerpt from the opening of "A. B. C." (1996):

Allan Ballston Crandall, nicknamed "A.B.C." from even before kindergarten, is from Cleveland originally. He came to U.Va. on a baseball scholarship. The two of us were assigned to second floor, Emmett House. My first memory of him is from the big dormitory bathroom down at the end of the hall—I was shaving, while A.B.C. was trimming his armpit hair with what looked like his mother's sewing scissors. When somebody introduced us, our eyes flicked to each other's faces in the mirror before which we were standing, but neither he nor I made a move to shake hands. You don't, in that circumstance.

From the get-go, my opinion of A.B.C. was not high. A guy trimming his armpit hair makes a first impression only slightly higher than a guy shaving his legs. A.B.C. was handsome enough—he still has a shadow of choir-boy sweetness to his face—but in those days just about every guy at U. Va. was more or less good-looking.

Even in that high-vanity atmosphere, A.B.C. struck me as a narcissist. I wasn't alone in my perception. He was roommates with Bob Waters, somebody who had friends all up and down the hall; if you went into their room, like as not you'd find A.B.C. standing in front of the mirror, tweezing his nostrils or squeezing a blackhead. Four or five guys could be in there conversing with Bob Waters; A.B.C. would be standing over at the mirror, turning this way and that, giving his complete attention to body and facial maintenance.

It wasn't that others of us didn't do those things; it's just that A.B.C. was overt. I even tried trimming my own armpit hair—the idea had never occurred to me—but I was discreet and always did it in my room when my roommate wasn't there. A.B.C. didn't care if you stood right beside him and watched him apply his skin lotion or ream out his ears or whatever...

We also pegged A.B.C. as a dummy. The guy studied the way the books on studying tell you you're

supposed to study—an hour or so every afternoon, an hour or so every evening, a few hours every weekend. He never seemed to be killing himself over his books, but he did spend a definite amount of time at his desk and in the library. He told us no when we asked him to go with us down to the Cavalier or to the Virginian. He didn't shoot pool with us. He didn't play bridge. He didn't stay up late bullshitting. We took his behavior to mean that he was a dumb jock narcissist who was forced to absurd lengths of studying just to get a passing grade.

That first semester, when the rest of us on second floor Emmett were getting 2.0s and 1.8s, A.B.C. got a 3.5. We still thought he was a dumb jock narcissist, but we started using a more respectful tone when we talked about him behind his back.

Here are all the hallmarks of Huddle's mature style: an easy humor, the careful construction of a scene that gets social manners and mannerisms right, a prose blended of colloquialism and elegance, plus exquisite attention to visual details.

The finer things came into David Huddle's life—not while he was in college, and certainly not during his stint of service in Vietnam, but after his return to Virginia to finish his education when he married the daughter of a prominent lawyer from Winchester. Huddle's publication of his first fiction secured him a job teaching creative writing at the University of Vermont. He and his wife moved to Burlington in 1971. Earning tenure at UVM kept him there for the following decades. Even in retirement, he still lived a ten-minute walk from campus in the same house where he'd raised two daughters with his one and only wife.

Such an outwardly domesticated life was hard won. Huddle was a man who could easily recognize complexities in all the characters he wrote, because he was a very complex character himself. He always maintained an exquisite balance between two disparate worlds: the memory of his early life in Virginia and the reality of his later life in Vermont, between his blue-collar upbringing and his high-flown academic career, between the raucous raw and the serenely genteel. He masterfully incorporated those two worlds, at home in either and in both. Similarly, he could strike a balance between the fearful madness of a war zone and its inane stretches of boredom.

David Huddle composed poetry alongside his prose. Poems were a part of his creative life from the start. His gift for creating a vivid character in fiction served him well in poetry. His earliest collection, entitled *Paper Boy* (1979), contains this lively portrait of a rural Virginia neighbor:

Gregory's House

*It was a testimony
to something that
could make my daddy
mad even talking about
it, how when one side
of the house collapsed
they just stopped using
those rooms, and when
the front porch dropped
off Gregory was upset
because he had to do
his drinking in the
kitchen with the kids
whining all around him
and the TV turned up so
loud he couldn't half
concentrate. And they
say when the outhouse
folded over one January
Gregory cut a hole in
the floor and was happy
not to have to make that
trip in cold weather.
But every Saturday
morning they sent out
one dirty-fisted child
to pay me for the paper.
Until that Sunday I
threw a heavy, rolled-up
one too high and up onto
the roof, and it fell
right on through, and
next Saturday Gregory
himself came out to the
fence and cussed me and
said I owed him damages
for knocking a hole in
his house.*

Not entirely secondary to David Huddle's writing was his teaching. The UVM undergraduates who took his creative writing classes were universally captivated by him and by what he taught them. Standing before them in the professorial role was someone determined never, ever to bore them. How did he fascinate them? His approach to any intellectual material was intensely personal, and he had a genius for anecdote. Here's the way he opened a discussion of how "true to experience" vs. how "made up" should fiction be:

*I am sitting in a pick-up truck in Bowling Green, Ohio, with someone I thought I respected a great deal, and this somebody is telling me that they liked Phil O'Connor's novel *Stealing Home* pretty well until they got to know Phil and his kids and their little*

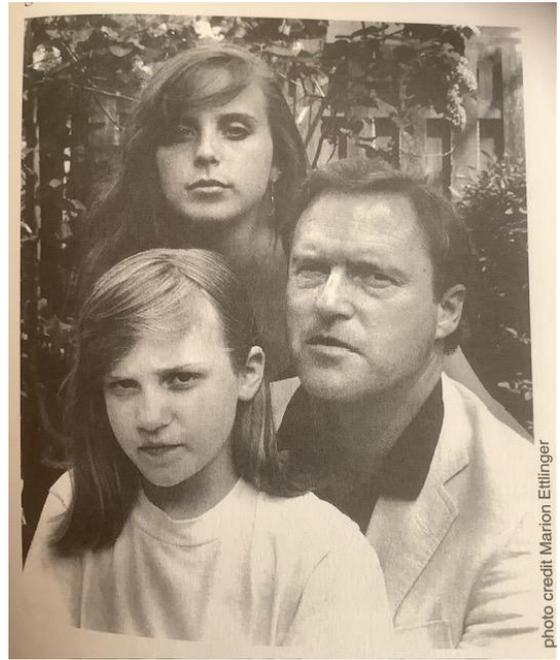
*league experience and all that, and then it didn't seem like the book was that much of an accomplishment, it was just the way it was for Phil, he didn't have to make up very much of it. I could have argued, but this person had just treated me to ham and eggs and homefries with coffee and the large tomato juice, and I was there in a truck in Bowling Green, where one direction is just about as good as another and it's too flat to argue with anybody, you need altitude, hills and valleys, rocks and crannies, and so on to have a good argument. So I gave this person the kind of look my photographer friend gave me when I told him once that I thought photography couldn't possibly be an art, all you had to do was take this little, ugly, black machine, point it somewhere and press a button, that's all there was to it, and what art was there in that? (from "Memory's Power," 1987, in *The Writing Habit*, 1991)*

Huddle was quick to demystify the art of writing for his students. Though he was astonishingly, admirably prolific—he published nine books of poetry, six novels, five collections of short stories, and one collection of essays—he would tell them honestly of his struggles. “In my adult life so far,” he claimed in 1990, “I’ve written something in the neighborhood of forty or fifty short stories, of which I’ve published maybe twenty-five.”

Huddle’s first novel (the first of six) took him ten years to write, he claimed. If what he sent out to editors was rejected often enough, he knew just what to do with it: “In consigning [a] manuscript to a desk drawer, I am comforted by the behavior of baseball players. There are *no* pitchers who do not give up home runs, there are *no* batters who do not strike out. There are *no* major league pitchers or batters who have not somehow learned to survive giving up home runs and striking out.”

A great gift Huddle gave to any young person contemplating a life dedicated to art was the way he modeled a writer’s commitment not just to writing, but to enjoyment, silliness, and fun. Huddle was no solitary figure chained to a desk, nor was he a tortured soul, a fixture at bars, nor did he conform to any stereotype of the writer as fierce, single-minded misanthrope. For one thing, he prided himself on his domesticity, on his being Laundry Man. “I don’t feel right if I don’t do the family laundry at least once a week.”

Huddle’s elder daughter, Bess, recalls how “he loved many genres of music: rock, classical, bluegrass, classic country and especially jazz—how he loved to dance in the kitchen while cooking dinner and at Bread Loaf barn dances.”



David Huddle with his two daughters, Bess (top) & Molly, 1996

Every Sunday in good weather, Huddle played tennis with his wife and was good for a competitive game with friends at any time. He organized pick-up games of volleyball. He was an avid fan of most sports, supporting UVM’s teams at their home games, as well as watching professional sports on TV. He also loved traveling with his family, especially enjoying their annual trip to Cape May, New Jersey.

In the last decade of his life, Huddle developed a passion for ornithology and took thousands of photographs of migratory birds. His late-in-life discovery of birds was like a love affair. The interest came on him suddenly and stunned him. Fascination with birds—with some species more than others—permeated his waking hours to the point that various birds began turning up as central elements in significant poems. Here’s an example:

Inside the Hummingbird Aviary

*Thumb-sized birds in gaudy greens,
iridescent vermilion, stop
on invisible floating dimes
intricately to pivot and kiss
sugar-water bottles or desert
blossoms. Within easy snatching
distance, a Broad-billed perches,
preens, pisses in a quick squirt,
darts out a tongue half
its body length. Suddenly
suspended at breast level,
a Calliope confronts a man,
marking its possession of that
quadrant of space, the sheer force*

*of its watch-part heart stopping
the giant, making him laugh.*

*These wings are the furious
energy of perfect stillness
to make him forget kestrels
and red-masked vultures.*

*Here in this airy cage
he has seen five whole
hummingbirds fit
into the chambers*

*of his hog-sized heart.
What the man wants now
is to be desert soil
beneath a thorny bush,*

*the black tongues of hummers
engineering sweetness
from blossoms that once
were his body.*



The final line in David Huddle's obituary was: "In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to the Cornell Lab of Ornithology."

In another of his bird poems, "Visit of a Hawk," the narrator describes seeing through his home's skylight "a wingspan of such consequence/ that I stopped my work and sat still." Then he abruptly stood up, went to the skylight, opened it and looked out. He discovered that among "the ragged green leaves and zig zag twigs" of a butternut tree "with savage aplomb/ perched the hawk." He knew he should savor the moment, but he "began to doubt what [he] plainly saw" and so ducked back inside to call to his wife.

"When she came upstairs" he tells us, "I felt this absurd relief." Together they poked their heads through the skylight, and he reports in the last lines: "...what we saw was no/ grandly feathered breast but merely a slightly/ bobbing twig."

Huddle was a writer with a charming sense of humor and a keen ear for dialogue. But his most vivid, significant trait was his sense that the act of writing has a moral edge.

Charity toward one's fellow human beings "transforms" a writer. In an essay he titled "Issues of Character," Huddle lays out plainly his conviction that a good writer is always "open to experience other than his or her own." Good writing requires compassion. He elaborates:

The "transformed" fiction-writer won't try to condemn a character or a type of character. The transformed writer won't condescend, or write down, to his characters. The transformed writer will avoid simplifying his characters in order to make some abstract point, will ignore the boring limitations of stereotype. The transformed fiction-writer will be more likely to choose characters who are at least his or her equal. The transformed writer carries his characters' burdens, takes responsibility for their actions, forgives them their trespasses, and fights for their rights. This miracle of the transformed writer occurs, I assert, because in the conscientious making of characters and their fictional world, the saint at the typewriter tries to get the details right.

The Danforth Library is ordering a selection of David Huddle's work, both fiction and poetry. Eventually it will also have on hand his collection of essays on writing, *The Writing Habit*.

LOCAL CRYPTOGRAM

A cryptogram is a code in which one letter is substituted for another. For example, the word "Church" could be written BWMSBW. The letter B would be the letter C and would be so throughout the entire message. In this message Z = A. The solution is found by trial and error. The CRYPTOGRAM answer is on page 6.

“QBQO MOHQN. QBQO

CZHRQN. DL JZMMQO. MOX

ZSZHD. CZHR ZSZHD. CZHR

WQMMQO.

MLNZX HK ZYOHK CLLR'K NZX.

WQRHQBQ DLMFHDS ZDN

MOPKM DL LDQ... TPKM RHGQ

ZDX LMFQO NZX.”

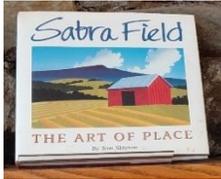
- ZPMFLOK PDGDLVD

Charles B. Danforth Library News

Open Hours

2-4 p.m. Mondays
2-4 p.m. Wednesdays
10 a.m. – Noon – Saturdays

Celebrating Women's History



ON DISPLAY

Sabra Field: The Art of Place, by Tom Slayton

Propaganda Girls: The Secret War of the Women in the OSS, Lisa Rogak

Superhuman Strength, Alison Bechdel

Unbound: My Story of Liberation and the Birth of the Me-Too Movement, Tarana Burke

Coming of Age, and *Living A Political Life*, by Madeleine Kunin

Fearless and Free: A Memoir by Josephine Baker

New Books:

This is Not About Us, by Allegra Goodman

Kin: A Novel, by Tayari Jones

Fahrenheit 451, by Ray Bradbury (60th anniversary edition)

Bernie for Burlington: The Rise of the People's Politician, by Dan Chiasson

Raising Hare: A Memoir by Chloe Dalton

Book Donations: We accept donations during open hours or by appointment. Hardcover and paperbacks must be clean and in good condition. No magazines or periodicals. No books stored in outbuildings.

Email: CharlesDanforthLibrary@gmail.com

The Holway Community Room is available for groups, classes, or events open to the public. NO

RENTAL CHARGE. For more information, contact: Judy Maynes

Email: judy.maynes@gmail.com



Sunday, April 19, 2026 2:30 P.M. Charles B. Danforth Library Melissa Perley will present her new children's book *The Violin Family Presents New Music* Melissa is a cellist and a writer. She will play for us and bring stringed instruments for children to touch and play. The event will be fun for people of all ages.

Charles B. Danforth Library,

P.O. Box 204, 6208 VT Route 12, Barnard, VT 05031

Phone: 802-234-9408

Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com

Trustees: Paula Audsley, Margaret Edwards, Judy Maynes, Adelaide McCracken, and Susan Salter Reynolds

BILLINGS FARM AND MUSEUM

MAGIC OF MAPLE AT BILLINGS FARM

NOW THRU SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22

10:00AM - 4:00PM

Explore Vermont's rich maple history and discover maple syrup traditions during Magic of Maple. Sample sugar on snow, learn about maple trees and why they produce their sweet sap, take a sleigh ride, and more! Find all the maple-y sweetness at Billings Farm!

Horse-Drawn Sleigh Rides

February 22 & 28, March 7 & 8, 15, 21 & 28
11:00AM - 3:00PM

Take a horse-drawn sleigh ride at Billings Farm before winter ends. On February 22 and 28 and select dates in March from 11:00AM - 3:00PM, visitors can take a horse-drawn sleigh ride - conditions permitting, of course. Tickets are \$5/person (ages 2 and up) in addition to admission, so gallop don't trot to Billings early - these rides sell out!! Private sleigh rides are available for booking with advance registration through March.

No horsing around - all the sleigh ride info can be found here: [Horse-Drawn Rides - Billings Farm](#)

Vermont Film Series - Folktales

Woodstock Vermont Film Series: Folktales, Saturday, February 28 & Sunday, March 1 at 3PM. Take a journey to Arctic Norway where students at Pasvik Folk High School embark on a life-changing gap year navigating the wilderness, learning to dog sled, and discovering strength within themselves. Folktales captures their adventures in this exhilarating film.

For tickets and more info, sled on over to: [Woodstock VT Film Series - Billings Farm and Museum, Woodstock, VT](#)

Looking for something to do during the long month of March? Billings has the cure for the March winter blues! Starting March 6, Billings will be open Friday thru Monday 10AM - 4PM. Stop by for some farm fun! [Billings Farm and Museum - Billings Farm Woodstock, Vermont](#)

OUR WORKING LANDS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CALEB KENNA
NOW - JUNE 14

Experience breathtaking aerial imagery of Vermont's working landscapes alongside intimate portraiture of the people who steward the land. This thought-provoking exhibit invites the viewer to reconsider familiar landscapes and asks us to examine the evolving relationship between people and the natural world. <https://billingsfarm.org/our-working-lands-photography-by-caleb-kenna/>

Billings Farm & Museum
Woodstock, VT
info@billingsfarm.org

CRYPTOGRAM ANSWERS

“Ever Tried. Ever Failed. No Matter. Try Again. Fail Again. Fail Better.

Today is April fool's day. Believe nothing and trust no one... Just like any other day.”

- Authors Unknown

NEWS FROM BARNARTS
THE ART OF DINING



By Tina Howe

Directed by Linda Treash

Ellen and Cal have risked everything to open The Golden Carrousel, an intimate French dining destination showcasing Ellen's outstanding chef skills and Cal's unending support for his wife's food. Come meet the (happy?) couple along with the food-lover lovers, food-fussy friends, and quirky literary associates that descend on this trendy new restaurant on the same night. Nothing brings people together like food!

Starring: Albert Falcone, Bridgette Hammond, Chelsea Cassady, Darby Hiebert, Fergus Ryan, Julianne Berger, Killian White, Olivia Piepmeier, Shu-nan Chu

The Art of Dining
Fridays & Saturdays, March 20-21 & 27-28 –7:30pm
Sundays, March 22 & 29 –2pm
Thursday, March 26 –7:30pm
Barnard Town Hall
115 North Rd., Barnard
Adults - \$20
Student/Discount - \$15

MARIACHI ARTIST VERONICA ROBLE

BarnArts is thrilled to welcome mariachi artist Veronica Robles to the Upper Valley next month!

After a week of workshops in local schools, we'll celebrate her stay with a public performance at the Barnard Town Hall.

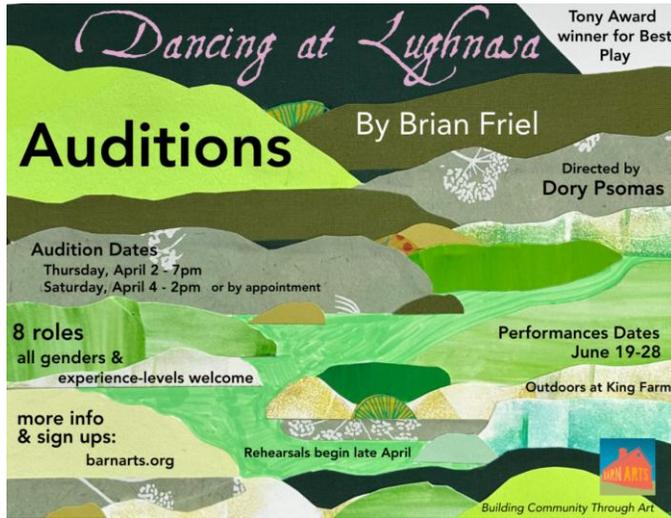
Saturday, April 18th
 Doors open at 6pm
 Music starts at 7pm
 Youth: \$10

Adults: \$15-25 (you choose sliding scale!)

Plus free tickets for youth who see Veronica Robles at their school!

Food will be available to purchase from Lalo's Taqueria, setting up in the Town Hall kitchen.

AUDITION FOR DANCING AT LUGHNASA



by Brian Friel Directed by Dory Psomas

AUDITIONS

April 2, 7-9pm
 April 4, 2-4pm
 First Universalist Church & Society, Barnard
 8 adult actors
 5 women, 3 men characters
 Performance Dates: June 19-28

Performance Location: Outdoors on King Farm in Woodstock

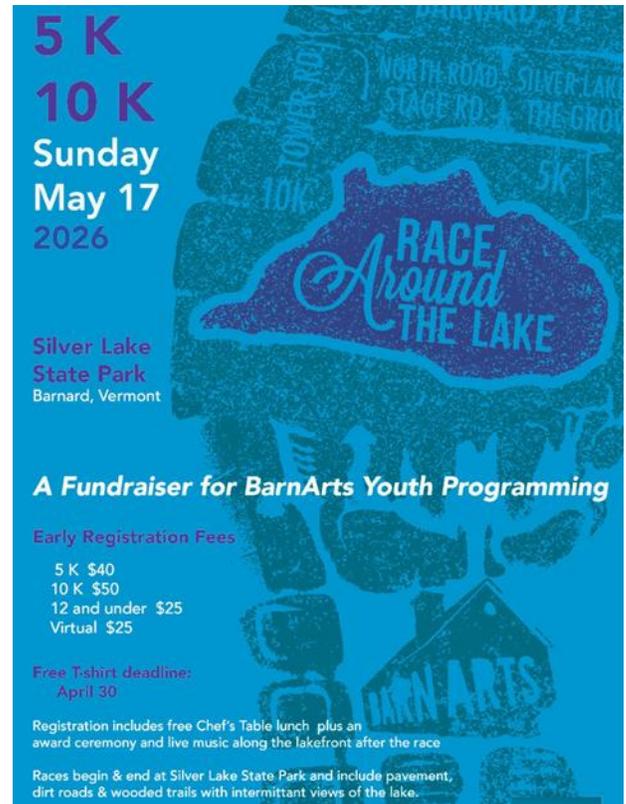
Dancing at Lughnasa is set in rural County Donegal, Ireland, in the fictional town of Ballybeg. It is a memory play told through the eyes of adult Michael recalling the summer of 1936 when he was seven. He recounts life being raised by his unwed mother (Chris) and four aunts (Kate, Maggie, Agnes, Rose). This summer was notably the first time he remembers his father, Gerry, coming for a visit and when Uncle Jack, a missionary who worked for 25 years in Uganda, unexpectedly returns home. The upcoming festival of Lughnasa and a new-fangled radio that inspires spontaneous dancing among his aunts and mother, foretell more change creeping into the rural setting. The nationwide shift from Catholicism and

widespread industrialization, combined with the shift of household dynamics with the addition of Gerry and Jack, made it a summer to remember.

Characters:

- Michael – Late 20s/early 30s, the narrator.
- Kate – 40, a proper and religious woman, schoolteacher. Oldest Mundy sister.
- Maggie– 38, the joker of the family, housekeeper.
- Agnes – 35, close to Rose, knitter.
- Rose – 32, close to Agnes. knitter.
- Chris – 26, Michael’s mother. Youngest Mundy sister.
- Gerry – 33, Michael’s Welsh and often absent father.
- Jack – 53, missionary priest back from 25 years in Africa. The only Mundy brother.

RACE AROUND THE LAKE



Dreaming of spring? Sign up today for Race Around the Lake! A Fundraiser for BarnArts Youth Programming

"The most beautiful race in Vermont", Sunday, May 17, 2026 at the Silver Lake State Park in Barnard, VT.

Events: 10K Run, 5K Run/Walk, Virtual 10k & 5k.

Early Registration Fees:

- 10K Adults: \$50, 12 & under: \$25
- 5K Adults: \$40, 12 & under: \$25
- Virtual 10K & 5K: \$25 & \$15.

10K Race begins at 10:30am. 5K Race begins at 11am. Sign-up by April 30 to receive a free Race Around the Lake T-shirt! The Race begins and ends at Silver Lake State Park, with courses encircling Silver Lake on town

roads, dirt roads and single-track wooded trails with intermittent views of the lake. The challenging 10K route pops out of the woods on Royalton Turnpike and loops back to the state park via Tower Rd.

After-Race activities along Silver Lake include a Chef's Table lunch free to all racers, live music and an award ceremony.

Can't attend but still want to participate? Sign up to Race Virtually wherever! Go to our RACE PAGE for more info and to sign up:

<https://runsignup.com/Race/VT/Barnard/BarnArtsRaceARoundtheLake>

Is your business interested in being a race sponsor? Please contact us at info@barnarts.org for information!

802-234-1645 (BarnArts voicemail)

BarnArts Center for the Arts www.barnarts.org
PO Box 41 info@barnarts.org
Barnard, VT 05031 802-234-1645 (voicemail)

FOOD SELF COLLECTION AT NWPL

The Norman Williams Public Library is collecting non-perishable food for the Woodstock Community Food Shelf. Please help your neighbors in need! Drop off non-perishable food in the box in the lobby any time during library hours: Mon, Wed, Thur, Fri, 10-6, Tues, 10-8 & Sat 10-4.

We'll deliver your donation to the Woodstock Community Food Shelf during their operating hours.

Norman Williams Public Library
10 The Green, Woodstock, VT 05091, 802-457-2295
NormanWilliams.org

THE PLANNING COMMISSION meets on the second Monday of every month at 7 PM in the Town Office.

BARNARD CONSERVATION COMMISSION meets the first Monday of the month, 7:00pm, Town Hall.

BEES MEETINGS are held at 6:30pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month in the library at the school.

SELECTBOARD meets the first and third Wednesday of the month at the Town offices at 7:00pm.

DANFORTH LIBRARY HOURS: Monday & Wednesdays 2:00 – 4:00 p.m.; and Saturdays 10:00 a.m. to Noon. ECFiber Wi-Fi. Phone: 802-234-9408. Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com.

TOWN ADMINISTRATOR, Kassie Hull,
<mailto:selectboard@barnardvt.us>, 802-234-9211 x 4.
Office hours: By chance or by appointment.

TOWN CLERK office hours are Monday and Tuesday, 8:00am—3:30pm. Call 234-9211 for an appointment.

ZONING ADMINISTRATOR, Robert Ramrath,
<mailto:zoning@barnardvt.us>, 802-234-9211 x 2.

Available by email and phone during business hours Monday through Friday. In person meetings at the Town Office available by appointment only.

THE DEVELOPMENT REVIEW BOARD meets the third Thursday of the month at 7:00pm at the Barnard Town Hall as necessary.

THE BARNARD ENERGY COMMITTEE meets on the 2nd Tuesday of the month, 7:00pm at the Town Hall

BARNARD GENERAL STORE, Monday-Saturday: 7am-7pm, Sundays: 8am-6pm.

<https://www.facebook.com/barnardgeneralstore>

BARNARD LISTSERV: to subscribe please send an email to: barnard-subscribe@lists.vitalcommunities.org

RECYCLING Click [here](#) for Hours and Regulations

The Barnard Inn is running a "Feeding Neighbors & Sustaining Community" campaign. Purchase an e-Gift Card and in turn the chefs will feed neighbors. Whole chicken dinners (serves 4-6) and individual sized meals to help feed Vermonters in need. Thank you and please stay safe. E-Gift Cards are available at www.barnardinn.com.

ECFIBER Governing Board meets the 2nd Tuesday of the month at 7pm via. Zoom. Contact the clerk of the District. secretary@ecfiber.net, for meeting information or visit <https://www.ecfiber.net/virtual-meetings/>

HISTORICAL SOCIETY Programs to be announced. Questions? Email: historicalbarnard1761@gmail.com

DELECTABLE MOUNTAIN QUILTERS (DMQ) meet the 1st Tuesday of every month at the Bethel Library from 1-3pm. Contact: Mary Croft 802-763-7074

THE GLAD RAGS SALE

UPCOMING SALE AND COLLECTION DATES

The Spring 2026 Sale dates are: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 24, 25 and 26.

The Saturday collection dates for the 2026 Spring sales are: March 28 and April 11, from 10am to 1pm, at the Simmons House, (lower level), adjacent to the Health Center.

The 2026 Fall Sale dates are: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday September 18, 19 and 20.

The 2026 Fall donation dates are: 7/18, 8/1, 8/15, & 8/29.

For more info about the sales and what donations we accept please visit - <http://www.gladrags.org>

BYO shopping bags recommended. The Glad Rags Sale Association, Inc. supports agencies that provide health and welfare services in the greater Woodstock area.